

FEAT OF SCHEHERAZADE PALES TO INSIGNIFICANCE BESIDE 100,000 SPEECHES OF DR. E. J. CATTELL

Retiring City Statistician Estimates He Has Uttered 25,000,000,000,000,000 Words Since 1889—His Published Works Would Fill Library Twice Size of That of Dumas Pere and His Collaborators

DECLARES HE IS NOT 100 BY SEVERAL YEARS AND IS STILL ENJOYING LIFE

His Plump and Rubicund Features, Flowing White Locks and White Mustache, au Chester A. Arthur, Make an Indelible Impression on the Vision

A MAN who has made more speeches than there are blades of grass in Independence Square.

Whose spoken words, if penned all at once, would exhaust the world's ink supply.

Whose published works, if collected, would fill a library twice the size of that created by Dumas pere and his collaborators.

Who has shaken hands with more persons than are represented in the gross birth rate for the City of Natal for the last seventy-six years.

Whose audiences, if armed, trained and properly equipped, could conquer the rest of the world within six months.

Whose range of knowledge extends from the habits of the Ilex Africanus to summaries of imports and exports in the City of Metz during the first six months of 1897.

Who, needing no introduction whatever, has been introduced oftener than any other man.

Such is Dr. Edward James Cattell, who leaves the office of City Statistician, which in the last twenty-two years has offered such exercise to his wisdom and natural gifts as to make him the most widely known man in Philadelphia and one of the most widely known in the United States.

These are no exaggerations. What the Chamber of Commerce has accomplished in engaging Dr. Cattell as "Field Manager of the Conventions and Exhibitions Bureau" has been to obtain the services of one whose name, face and catholic ideology are known to almost every man, woman and child in the city and to millions outside—the greatest publicity coup of a publicity era.

Of no other Philadelphian can this much be said. The greatest doctors and lawyers, and rather more so the greatest artists, engineers and professors are mere symbols to most of us. And even the Mayors, the Congressmen and the political bosses must remain hardly more than abstractions to the bulk of men.

Dr. Cattell Remembered by Almost Everybody

Dr. Cattell, on the contrary, is a vitally intimate image in the memory of almost everybody. His plump and rubicund features, his flowing white locks and his great white mustache, au Chester A. Arthur, make a steady impression on the vision. His distinct, ringing forth curious complexities of facts and figures has its call to the imagination. His age and his slightly archaic dress give him something of "background." He seems a sort of intermediary between the past and present and it is always a matter of interesting mystery as to whether he is as old as he looks.

Dr. Cattell will shy from so ingenuous a question as the date of his birth, by making the joke that he is still a bachelor and that such a fact may be used against him. He will confess that he is "several years less than a hundred," or putting it another way, "I was born within a half square of where the first white child in Philadelphia was born, but somewhat subsequently." A story goes that he was sixty-five last December, but if so it has not hindered an intimate acquaintance with events much older than that.

The birthplace referred to was Front and Pine streets—a locality of very different characteristics fifty or sixty years ago. His family on both sides were counted among the best people of that time. His mother's family had had an intimate hand in the early development of Philadelphia, had in fact, as Dr. Cattell says, "sailed their own ships up the Delaware."

His father, born in New Jersey, was a business man of prominence and a brother of United States Senator Cattell. Throughout his life Dr. Cattell has maintained a more than usual devotion to his mother and there is seldom a conversation in which he does not make some mention of her. She has been dead for thirty-six years.

It was chiefly through her influence and training that he became a speaker.

Mrs. Cattell Believed in Distinct Enunciation

"She believed in speaking," recounted Dr. Cattell, "and in what things as distinct enunciation, inflection, tone modulation and all the things of speech which are often neglected in this country. From the time I began to talk—which I suspect was unusually early—she urged me to be careful of them. She encouraged me and trained me in making recitations before Sunday school gatherings and children's entertainments."

"One time I was asked to make a recitation before a little congregation in New Jersey, then called Bethel Church. My mother drilled me carefully in the piece, a little homily on optimism which ended:

"If every one got blue, then every one would die and there would be no left to write their epitaphs. It could have ended it backward, which I got on the platform and

a love that had been implanted very early and has ever since been one of the great joys of his life.

"Outwardly," he says, "it was a very different city though I like to believe that its spirit was the same as now—a belief in doing rather than saying; however odd that may sound, coming from me.

"The street cars at night carried only one lamp and this was always smoking. The sight and smell of these smoking lamps, however, carried some pungent suggestion and I believe that it was watching them, as I did very often, that I learned to smoke.

"In winter these street cars were very interesting. It was a game of freeze-out. Two rows of half frozen citizens, half sleep in vile, smelling straw, fought to preserve sanity during the rather more than an hour's ride from West Philadelphia to the center of town. Frequently there were as many as thirty passengers in one car, a great imposition on the two horses who were expected to pull them. The necessity for passengers to get out at steep grades and help push the car occurred not at all rarely. I remember once having to get out of a Market street car just beyond where the Croft & Allen factory is now, and helping to push the car all the way over the Schuylkill bridge. This sort of thing was more apt to happen when there was snow or sleet on the tracks.

"The streets, wherever there had been any pretense of paving them, were of cobble and a trial to the flesh and soul. The drinking water, unless privately boiled and filtered in the households, was the color of coffee. The body of a person getting into a bathtub was quickened to sight. The gas which, by the way, cost \$4 a thousand cubic feet, had to be hunted for with a match, and the light it gave was so uncertain and inadequate that nearly everybody went to bed very early.

"Still, sickness was relatively scarce. It was, on the whole, a happy and prosperous town. Along the Delaware was a line of great counting houses and offices from which were controlled the

near Thirteenth, where such lecturers as Charles Dickens, Henry Ward Beecher, Bret Harte, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mark Twain, William Lloyd Garrison, William Makepeace Thackeray and Oscar Wilde could be heard, the stock theatres to which Davenport, McCullough, the Drews, Fanny Davenport, Harry Becker and later on Salvini, Mansfield, Julia Marlowe, Ellen Terry, Irving and Sheridan, whose Louis XI was said to be better than Irving's, came to play the leads.

"It was a pretty time for a young man to grow up in. The great thing in courtship was for the young man to take his lady driving, and on Sunday afternoons there was always an unbroken line of carriages from town out to the Green street entrance to the Park. Almost any young man in Philadelphia could drive a horse or a pair with one hand. So it would seem that he was at greater advantage than the young motorists of today, who usually come to grief when they try driving one-handed.

"There were many dances, for the young people organized themselves into 'societies,' or, as they were sometimes called, 'germans,' after a sort of cotillon in which every pair by turn introduced a new figure, thus introducing all of the dances then known. Big rooms were then the fashion and in the parlors of almost any of the larger houses fifty persons could dance together comfortably.

"The 'germans' were given at the homes of the young ladies who belonged to the clubs and often the favors given at these entertainments were very expensive. The fashion was to have the favors placed upon a table, from which the ladies would select for the men and the men for the ladies. There was also a succession of brilliant receptions, dinner parties, musicales and so on, and during the season many young men were in full dress every evening.

"The rules of dress were very meticulously observed. For a young man to have appeared in good society in a dinner jacket and white tie would have been followed by an outburst of indignation, and on the streets a man bold



Noted statistician shown here making one of his thousands of addresses

say to less than five hundred people in front of me it simply refused to come. A scrawled and shifted, but could not get my tongue on a word. I looked down and saw my feet. Her eyes were swimming and I felt that my little panic was breaking her heart. I don't know how, but the words came to me then, and I went through with them faithfully to the finish.

"If I had thought then I would never have spoken again."

"Poor little! made his boyhood rather different from that of most others, though he remembers playing 'three o'clock' and boating and skating over the Schuylkill. Sickness frequently interrupted his studies and this he compensated for by devouring such varied literature as his father's library and other sources could afford.

Kept Vote of Senators on Little Slate He Had

"All through the trial the galleries were packed with people," he recalls, "but on the morning of the vote they filled all the corridors in the Capitol. Just before the votes were taken I came in with my uncle and sat down at his side. As the voting began I kept tally on a little slate that I had. Beside the names of the Senators as they gave their votes of 'guilty' or 'not guilty' in low tones or loud and the rustle of the clerk's papers there was nothing but dead silence.

"There is nothing that can describe the tenseness of that place. The votes swung evenly from one side to the other and the result hung doubtful until the R's were reached and Senator Ross, of Kansas, rose and voted for acquittal. That morning he had promised his colleagues to vote 'guilty.' After that my Senator Ross never returned to Kansas. At the end of his term he settled in Texas and some time afterward became Governor of the State.

"There was a great indignation against him at that time among the extreme Republicans. But years after extreme men who had themselves voted to remove Johnson told me they were thankful to Ross for having done what he did. To have turned Johnson out of office would have rendered the presidency an unstable institution, would have reduced its prestige and power, and perhaps have paved the way to the downfall of the constitution."

More He Saw of Other Cities Better He Liked Phila.

The comparison of Washington with other cities that he saw strengthened young Cattell's love for Philadelphia;

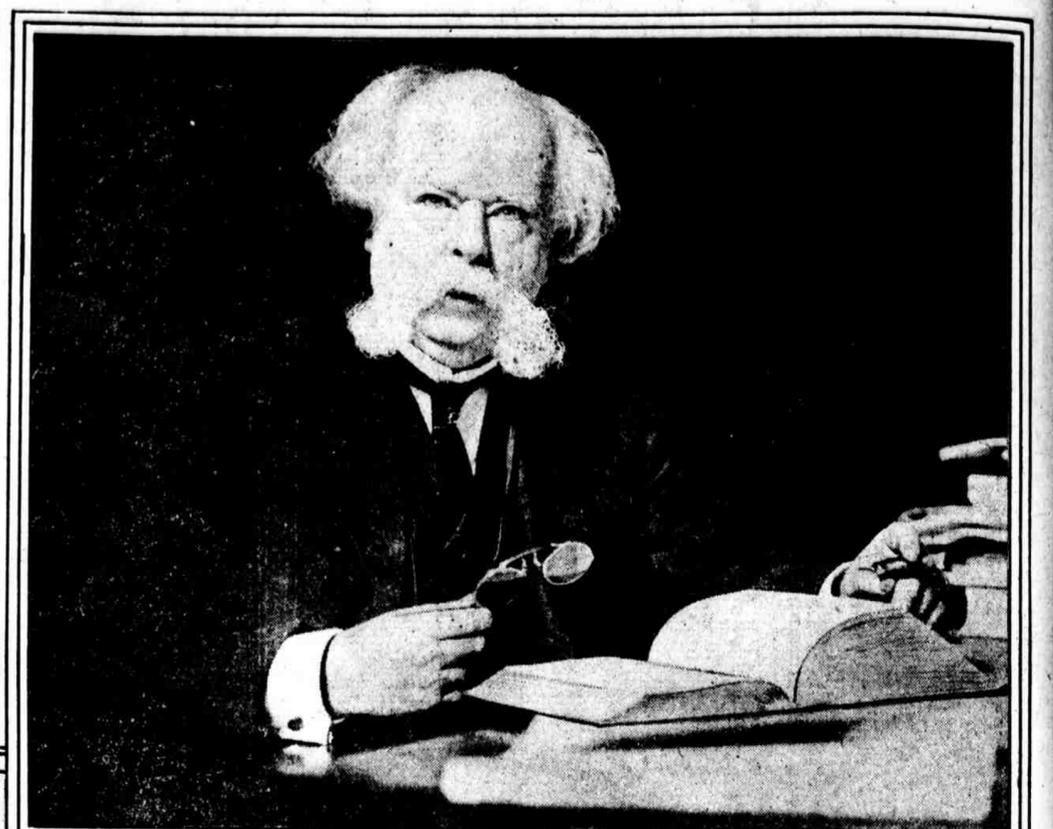


Dr. Cattell when a young man

trade with Spain and Portugal and a great share of the Southern and West Indian trade.

"There was a larger average of great lawyers, great journalists, great scientists and great financiers here than anywhere else in the country. Extreme poverty was rare anywhere in the city. This city of my childhood was not provincial nor wanting in acquaintance with the fine arts. The average of culture was then at least as high as now. Men and women had, besides a good allowance for other opinions, a not too tempered enthusiasm for all the arts. The bigger houses were filled with the paintings of the great European and American painters.

"There were the Academy of Music, to which came such singers as Jenny Lind, Carlotta, Nielson and Adeline Patti, and where in the course of a year nearly all the great operas were given; Concert Hall, on Chestnut street



Dr. Cattell reading statistics

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